

ranks be filled. Brother Moore can't you do for others of your progressive churches what was done for Washington? You know the Lord requires one measure for all.

At the close of the meetings we had a love feast at which about 30 members were seated. Oh, it was a royal feast, and the Father's children were so happy. About 70 per cent of our membership communed.

D. C. MOOMAW.

Nickerson, Kan.

Dear Evangelist.—We seek your columns to make our wants known. We want a Brethren minister to locate among us and preach for us without a salary. We can help him some toward a living but it will be necessary for him to depend on other occupation for a livelihood.

Our church is in the town of Nickerson, Reno County, Kan. City property can be bought very cheap and we are surrounded by a good farming country. Any one who would accept such a call please write for further information to brother

EDWARD ARBUCKLE.

From Fair Haven Church

The Fair Haven Sunday School was reorganized and started out with good interest under the new organization, with M. B. Painter, Superintendent, and J. A. Martin, assistant, sister Verona Swinehart, secretary, and sister Clara Swinehart, chorister, and Brother Swanson, treasurer. Good work is expected from this school.

The Fair Haven Sister's society met last week and elected a new president. The lot fell on sister Julia Sechrist.

The church seems to be in good working order and there is no reason as far as we can see to hinder us from doing good work.

WM. KIEFER.

Pleasant Home, O.

Announcement

The Ohio State conference will be held at Pleasant Hill, June 7 to 10, 1898. Program will appear later.

By order of Ex. committee.

S. DEETER.

A. J. BAUGHMAN.

War Recollections.—No. 1

The recent editorial reference in the EVANGELIST to a war time utterance of my father, Elder B. F. Moomaw, of Virginia, recalls some events and experiences of those days which may not be uninteresting to your readers. I was a boy of nine years at the beginning of the war, too young to take much interest in public affairs, and fortunately too young to be liable to military service. But I remember very clearly the strong impression made upon my mind by the profound agitation of the times, and the solemn transition from a state of peace to a state of war. I had devoured about all of the wars of the world as they were narrated in current histories, and consequently had a much more vivid impression of the romance, the clamor,

the supposed glory of war than of its horrible realities. A gaily uniformed company of cavalry in a neighboring town, and some weeks later a full regiment of infantry volunteers, marching splendidly along the highway, and for awhile camping and drilling on father's plantation, furnished the first real pageant of war I had ever seen. Many a time the vision of glittering ranks and waving banners had been conjured up before my imagination by the genius of Irving, Goldsmith, Rollin and others, but here was a real army marching before my astonished eyes. I thought it was the most splendid spectacle in the world, and perhaps it is.

On the first Sunday in camp I was present at the prayer meeting service held by the chaplain. This was also a new idea to me as it was the first prayer meeting I ever attended, and the first preacher of a denomination other than the Tunker that I had ever heard, and as I remember now that I had ever seen. My first impressions of the new kind of preacher were not favorable, for he startled, almost frightened me in the midst of his prayer by asking the Lord to bless the arms of the southern soldiers so that they might "slay and kill their enemies." All the preaching and praying I had ever heard up to that time inculcated a milder treatment of our enemies, and when the harsh words, the words of blood and death smote upon my ears, I think that I glanced around in a furtive, half frightened manner to see if this unfamiliar specimen of the clerical fraternity didn't have some tolerably distinct sign of horns and hoofs. I had at that time a deep rooted conviction that slaying and killing was the work of the devil,—I have it now,—and to my juvenile logic that must consequently be the devil right there, talking to the Lord in that outrageous manner.

The ardent youth of the country were all for war, and so universal and irresistible was this sentiment that it even carried away some of the sons of Tunker families. Several of my elder brothers were almost on the point of joining the army when the enterprise was frustrated by the vigilance and energy of my father and mother who were too thoroughly Tunker and too little in sympathy with the purpose of the war to entertain the least idea of allowing their boys to enlist. I remember my mother's clear conception of the politics of the war, a point over which there has been much wrangling by historians on both sides. It was expressed in a terse sentence which illustrates the sagacity of the mother instinct. "I have no idea," she said, "of sending my boys to be killed for other people's slaves." She was as much opposed to slavery as to war, and in that instance war was doubly abhorrent to her because behind all the contention about states rights, which she did not understand, she saw clearly and comprehended perfectly that the real purpose of the war, from the southern standpoint, was to save the institution of slavery. Thousands of poor fellows, though, who had no interest in slavery, whose social position was lowered and whose opportunities to gain a livelihood

were curtailed by it, nevertheless went tramping off to the war, many of them never to tramp back again. They gave their lives for a cause which was inimical to from them every point of view. The herding instinct in the human animal was never more forcibly illustrated. Off they rushed all together, both those who had a reason for going and those who had none.

The only segregation from the inflamed mass, along the lines either of interest or conviction, was in the despised Tunker family who were set down as mere mercenary caverns, destitute of spirit and patriotism. Their devotion to a principle of religious duty and their complete separation from the social world around them screened them from the blast of war, and it was one of the miracles of those troublous times that the furious hurricane of ruin and death swept over the heads of this unarmed and defenceless people and left them almost untouched. They emerged from the vortex of war unbereaved in their families, unimpaired in numbers, and practically unimpaired in estate.

But this result was not gained without strenuous exertions upon the part of their leaders. A powerful effort was made to force them into the army. "What shall be done with the non-combatants?" was a frequent question in public assemblies and legislative halls and the answer would often be: "Put them in the front ranks and sent them to hell." It was well known that they would not shoot in the direction of the enemy, but their bodies would serve to stop bullets and thus shield the real soldiers behind them. Conservative counsels, however, prevailed, largely on account of the earnest and persistent efforts of my father and one or two other elders, and the peace people were exempt from military duty upon payment of a fine of \$400, 00, at that time good money and hard to get. Be it said to their praise that the rich who had a surplus paid the fines of the poor who had nothing, and so far as any one knows not a single Tunker was compelled to bear arms because of his inability to pay the exemption fee. They were all left at home to till the soil which they did with a good will, raising large quantities of food products which went of course to the southern armies. They have been severely criticised on this account, it being held that to feed an army is as much an act of war as firing on the enemy. But the criticism is not a just one, for disclaiming all responsibility for the warlike acts of others, their simple christian duty was to "feed the hungry," be he friend or foe. If however they did incur any trace of moral blame on account of the good bread and bacon furnished to the Confederate army in exchange for rapidly depreciating paper money, that blame was all atoned for in the latter years of the war. Great numbers of the Tunker, lived and farmed in the rich valley of Virginia, which came to be called the granary of the Confederacy. The Federal government sent Sheridan to destroy this base of supplies, and that general desolated